ſome liking, I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, & then I ſhal haue no ſtrength to repent. And I haue not forgotte what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewers horſe, the inſide of a Churce. Company, villanous company hath bin the ſpoile of me.

Bar. Sir Iohn you are ſo fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Fal. Why, there is it, come, ſing me a bawdy ſong, make me merry. I was as vertuouſly giuen, as a gentleman neede to bee, vertuous enough. ſwore little, dic't not aboue ſeuē times a week went to a bawdy houſe not aboue once in a quarter of an hour, paid mony that I borrowed three or foure times, liued wel, & in good compaſſe, and now I liue out of all order, out of all compaſſe.

Bar. Why, you are ſo fat, ſir Iohn, that you muſt needes be out of all compaſſe: out of al reaſonable compaſſe, ſir Iohn.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and Ile amēd my life: thou art our Admirall, thou beareſt the lanterne in the poope, but 'tis in the noſe of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, ſir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile be ſworne, I make as good vſe of it, as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer ſee thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, & Diues that liued in purple: for there he is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would ſweare by thy face: my oth ſhould be, By this fire, thats Gods Angel. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: & wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the ſon of vtter darkneſſe. When thou ranſt vp Gads hill in the night, to catch my horſe, if I did not thinke that thou hadſt been an *ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire, there's no purchaſe in money, O thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euerlaſting bone-fire light thou haſt ſaued me a thouſand Markes in Linkes & Torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt Tauerne & Tauerne: but the ſack that thou haſt drunke me, would haue bought me lights as good cheape, at the deareſt chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Salamāder of youres, with fire, any time this two and thirty yeeres: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God a mercy, ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burnd.

How

How now, dame Partlet the hen, haue you enquirde yet who pickt my pocket?

Enter Hoſt.

Hoſ. Why ſir Iohn, what do you think, ſir Iohn? do you think I keepe theeues in my houſe? I haue ſearcht, I haue enquired, ſo haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, ſeruant by ſeruant: the tight of a haire was neuer loſt in my houſe before.

Fal. Ye lie, Hoſteſſe, Bardoll was ſhaud, and loſt many a haire: and ile be ſworne my pocket was pickt: go to, you are a woman, go.

Hoſ. Who I? no, I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer calde ſo in mine owne houſe before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well inough.

Hoſ. No, ſir Iohn, you do not know me, ſir Iohn, I know you ſir Iohn, you owe me money ſir Iohn, and now you picke a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of ſhirtes to your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy Doulas. I haue giuen them away to bakers wiues, they haue made boulters of them.

Ho. Now as I am a true woman, holland of viii. s. an el: you owe money here beſides ſir Iohn, for your diet, and by drinkings, and money lent you, xxiiii. pound.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Ho. He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poore? looke vpon his face, what call you rich? let them coine his noſe, let them coine his cheekes, ile not pay a denyer: what, will you make a yonker of me? ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine Inne, but I ſhal haue my pocket pickt? I haue loſt a ſeale ring of my Grandfathers worth forty marke.

Hoſ. O Ieſu! I haue heard the Prince tel him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a lacke, a ſneake-cup: Zbloud and he were here, I would cudgel him like a dogge if he would ſay ſo.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falſtaffe meetes him playing on his trunchion like a Fife.

Fal. How now lad? is the wind in that dore i faith? muſt we all march?

Bar. Yea, two and two, Newgate faſhion.

Ho. My Lord I pray you heare me.

Prin.